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PICCADILLY BOOKMEN.

THE HOUSE OF HATCHARD'S.

A SMALL, beautifully printed volume has recently been published with the above title, giving most deeply interesting sketches of early Booksellers in and around Piccadilly, and more particularly informing us how the well-known firm of Hatchard's grew into its present prominent position. The book is written by Mr A. L. Humphreys, a partner in Hatchard's, and a passionate lover of his trade and books. Mr Birrell, M.P., the author of *Obiter Dicta*, when addressing the Booksellers at their annual dinner in London, called special attention to the book as one of unusual interest. As the history of booksellers is of world-wide importance, we feel sure that the readers of this *Journal* will be pleased to know how the bookselling business was carried on in times past, and how a large firm was gradually built up.

As far as Hatchard's is concerned, it is the old story of a small beginning gradually developing—by care, diligence, and honour—into importance and wealth. The book whose title we give at the head of this paper, to use Dr Smiles's term, is a bit of 'Industrial Biography'; and John Hatchard, the founder of the firm, would supply capital illustrations for a future edition of *Self-help* and *Character*. John Hatchard has left a few statements as to his early life. Many of them were written in a copy-book, and are of the most simple character. He tells us that 'he was born in London in October 1768—that he was admitted into the Gray Coat Hospital in March 1776—that he went on trial to Mr Bensley, printer, of Swan Yard, Strand, January 7, 1782. Not liking the trade, he came away January 28, 1782. Went on trial to Mr Ginger, June 17, 1782; and was bound September 18, 1782. The apprenticeship expired October 18, 1789, which "was served duly and truly;" and on the 19th my friends

congratulated me. On the 26th of the same month was situated as shopman with Mr Payne, bookseller, Mewsgate, Castle Street, St Martin's. I quitted the service of Mr Payne, June 30, 1797, and commenced business for myself at 173 Piccadilly, where, thank God, things went on very well, till friends desiring me to take a larger shop, I did so; I think, June 1801, at 190 in the same street. *N.B.*—When I commenced business, I had as my own property less than five pounds; but God blessed my industry, and good men encouraged it.'

The knowledge which Hatchard gained at Payne's was very useful to him. Payne was the first bookseller to issue catalogues of second-hand books. There had been book auctions long before; but the sale of books by means of the private circulation of catalogues 'had never been properly worked before Payne's time. If this be so, the book-collecting world should annually meet and drink to the health of honest Tom Payne, who must have been the means of bringing much happiness to the many enthusiastic book-collectors of that day.'

At Payne's shop, young Hatchard was brought into contact with some of the largest book-buyers of the day. His gracious and willing manner secured him all the friends he needed; and in his laudable desire to get on, he was encouraged all round. We get interesting glimpses in the book as to the wide contrast between the days of Hatchard's early business life and our own time. In the Memorandum Book he enters, under date of July 1, 1797: 'Took shop lately occupied by Mr White, 173 Piccadilly, subject to pay £31, 10s. good-will, and £40 per annum.' Think of this £40 a year as rent for a shop in Piccadilly!

Among the almost daily visitors whom Hatchard saw at Tom Payne's shop were the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, a wealthy person, and owner of a very choice library of classical books, famous for their wide margins and excellent preservation, and now lodged in the British Museum. At Payne's, too, met 'George

Steevens, Malone, Windham, Lord Stormont, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Spencer, Porson, Burney, King Townley, Colonel Stanley, and various other bookish men.'

When Hatchard commenced business on his own account, he was twenty-nine years of age, 'a young man of exemplary piety, shrewd sense, and possessed of a determination to succeed.' He had already fifteen years of experience in bookselling. His first shop was 173 Piccadilly; his second was at 190; and later he moved to the premises 187, which are still occupied by the firm. His first successful hit in publishing was a small pamphlet entitled *Reform or Ruin*, by John Bowdler, 1797. This brought considerable financial benefit. After this, he was appointed publisher of the *Christian Observer*, which was edited by Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay, and was the organ of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. Mr Humphreys says that 'it may not be generally known that Lord Macaulay's first printed work appeared in the form of a practical joke in the pages of the *Christian Observer*. Macaulay, while profoundly respecting his father, chafed at the restriction which forbade the reading of novels in the home at Clapham, and he therefore addressed an anonymous letter to the editor of the magazine, praising Fielding and other eighteenth-century writers. His father incautiously inserted this letter in the *Christian Observer*, to the horror of many subscribers, and doubtless to the intense amusement of young Tom.' We are also told of Macaulay acting as index-maker to his father and John Hatchard. When the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer* was being prepared for the press, the boy, then aged fourteen, drew up in his Christmas holidays an index to the book, which may be found in all copies of that volume.

We obtain interesting glimpses of other well-known authors and personages in connection with the history of Hatchard's. Hannah More expressed a wish, when a girl in her home in Somersetshire, that she should be able when a woman to 'live in a cottage too low for a clock, and to go to London to see bishops and booksellers.' She realised her ambition, for she was very well known at Hatchard's, both personally and as a correspondent.

In the earliest ledger of Hatchard is a page allotted to the purchases of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., who had been graciously pleased to favour Hatchard from his first commencing business. She buys *L'Histoire de France*, five vols.; Baxter's *Dying Thoughts*; and many copies of what is entered as *A Statement of Facts*. This was a curious little tract by Dr Glasse, Vicar of Hanwell, about an eccentric woman supposed to be of noble birth found near a haystack, in Somersetshire.

William Wilberforce was a very frequent visitor at Hatchard's, and had many of his letters addressed there. Writing to Zachary Macaulay, January 7, 1815, he says: 'I have had last, not least, a Haytian correspondent. Two days ago, I received a note from Hatchard, telling me that a letter had come for me of

eighty-five ounces, and was charged £37, 10s., and that he refused it.'

We catch a view of Pye, who succeeded Warton as poet-laureate in 1790. Pye was a friend of Isaac Disraeli, and, as Lord Beaconsfield acknowledged, his father was much indebted to him in connection with the publication of his work *On the Abuse of Satire*.

In 1799, Crabbe the poet transferred the publishing of his works to Hatchard's. The first volume published by Hatchard for Crabbe appeared in 1807, and contained the *Parish Register*, *Sir Eustace Grey*, the *Birth of Flattery*, and other minor poems.

Hatchard's shop was from a very early period a rendezvous for literary men, and many of the wealthier class. This gave Sydney Smith a chance for a hit at the place and its frequenters. In an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1810 on 'Public Schools,' he says: 'There is a set of well-dressed, prosperous gentlemen who assemble daily at Mr Hatchard's shop, clean, civil personages, well in with the people in power, delighted with every existing institution, and almost with every existing circumstance; and every now and then one of these personages writes a book, and the rest praise that little book, expecting to be praised in their turn for their own little books; and of these little books thus written by these clean and civil personages, so expecting to be praised, the pamphlet before us appears to be one.'

In 1818, when Hatchard was at 190 Piccadilly, an amusing Society was started at his house to promote marriage. 'It was,' says Mr Humphreys, 'an early instance, if not the first, of a Matrimonial Agency. The Society called itself "The Outinian Society." Hatchard seems to have been much mixed up in this, and lent his premises and his initials—discreetly withholding his name—for the purposes of the Society. It appears that it occurred to some one of the people who met at Hatchard's that much might be done by promoting matches, and convening meetings for the purpose of inquiring into the suitability of contracting parties, or supplying information to members which would help them to make a choice, or, as Mr Oscar Wilde would put it, whether they had "pasts" or whether they had "futures." The veil of anonymity thrown over the whole proceedings is very amusing. The "XYZs," the "Onlookers," and the "Friends" to the Society, who make pitiful appeals to "J. H." to admit them to membership after the ranks have been filled, and there are no more vacancies, are not the least funny part of the proceedings.'

Among many successful ventures in the publishing line was the issue of Martin Tupper's books. Rickerby, a printer in the City, had produced the first series of *Proverbial Philosophy* in 1838; but as Rickerby was a printer, and not a publisher, Tupper sought a better known man; and for the second series of the book and subsequent editions his dealings were with Hatchard, receiving annually from five to eight hundred pounds a year, 'and in the aggregate, having benefited both them and myself—for we shared equally—by something like ten thousand pounds a piece.' This was a very

handsome return both for author and publisher. Tupper gratefully says: 'When that good old man, Grandfather Hatchard, more than an octogenarian, first saw me, he placed his hand on my dark hair and said with tears in his eyes: "You will thank God for this book when your hair comes to be as white as mine." Let me gratefully acknowledge that he was a true prophet. When I was writing the concluding essay of the first series, my father (not quite such a true prophet as old Hatchard) exhorted me to burn it, as his ambition was to make a lawyer of me.'

The reading of this small volume has largely tended to confirm in our mind Carlyle's opinion that a history of booksellers would be better worth reading than that of most kings. It is gratifying to know that John Hatchard, who commenced business with less than five pounds of his own, lived to accumulate, by the most honourable means, and in a noble occupation, no less a sum than one hundred thousand pounds. And it is still more gratifying to know that a firm which has always had so high a reputation, retains its place of honour in every respect. Hatchard's is another instance showing that honesty, industry, and thoroughness win success.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER X.—HUGH THESIGER GOES TO ROBY CHASE.

It would not be easy to describe the feelings with which Hugh Thesiger heard of Sir Richard's death. He could not pretend to himself that he was grieved by the tidings, except in the general way in which good-natured men feel a passing pity for any one whose harvest of life is ended. But he did not rejoice, as he might have rejoiced if the event had happened some two years earlier. Over and over again he told himself that all was over and done with between Adelaide Boldon and himself: a cynic might have hinted that the thing could hardly be true, or he would not have repeated it to himself so vehemently or so often.

Since his meeting with her in London, he had thought more kindly of his old sweetheart. He had unconsciously felt flattered by her evident desire to retain his friendship; and he had felt inclined to think that he had been wrong in imagining that such a situation was impossible. There was no reason now why they should not be friends; and yet Hugh fulfilled none of the obligations which even a conventional friendship imposes on the occasion of a death. He did not so much as acknowledge the receipt of the card containing an intimation of Sir Richard's decease; for it would have been necessary to write a letter of condolence; and he felt that to compose such a letter was impossible. Lady Boldon, he told himself, might think what she liked of his conduct. As a matter of fact,

she noticed his silence, but was neither surprised nor offended by it.

One Friday in November, a few weeks after Sir Richard Boldon's death, Hugh Thesiger was sitting in his room in the Temple, engaged in the tiresome but necessary work of noting up cases, when the thought suddenly occurred to him—'Why shouldn't I ask Terence O'Neil to go home with me to-morrow? It will be much pleasanter for me; and he will cheer up my uncle and aunt a bit.'

Throwing aside his law reports, Hugh left his chambers, and ran up to the floor above. His own room was on the third floor—at least one floor too high—so that O'Neil's were on the fourth—too near heaven, as the briefless junior once remarked, to be in the least danger of being desecrated by the tread of a solicitor.

O'Neil's oak was sported; but as this was often the case when the occupant of the chambers had no legitimate excuse for denying himself to visitors, Hugh set to work with the heel of his right boot, and made noise enough to rouse all the occupants of the building. It was all of no use, however; and Hugh, coming to the conclusion that his friend had betaken himself to the billiard room of some neighbouring hostelry, desisted, and had begun to descend the stairs, when he heard the door open behind him.

'What meaneth this unseemly disturbance?' said a voice.

Hugh turned; but the door was suddenly shut in his face. Returning to the attack, Hugh bestowed a vigorous kick at the door, with the result that it flew open, and the assailant staggered forward and fell into the arms of his friend, who was waiting to receive him.

'You did that on purpose, you scamp!' cried Hugh.

'Oh, it's you, is it?' said the other, with affected surprise. 'You should be eternally obliged to me, me boy. But for me, you would have broken your nose, and where would your beauty have been then? A faded flower—a tender memory.—But come in, come in, my son.'

Mr Terence O'Neil was, of course, an Irishman. He was poor; he had few friends; and his prospects were none of the brightest. Yet such is the effect of a careless disposition and a sanguine temperament, that he probably enjoyed his life a hundred times more than half the rising juniors around him. If there was money in his purse, Terry smoked shilling cigars, and dined at the 'Criterion.' If there was none, he stuck to bird's-eye, and did not dine at all. But no one could have told from his outward demeanour whether he was in the affluent or in the penniless phase of his existence. He was equally at his ease, and to all appearance equally comfortable, whether fortune smiled or frowned on him.

In appearance, O'Neil was short and plump. His cheeks were red, and entirely innocent of beard or whiskers. When he smiled, which was pretty often, he displayed a set of teeth, white, small, and even, like a girl's; and at the same time there appeared in either cheek the suspicion of a dimple, which gave his face a boyish,

rogious look. Apparently he had just come in from court—or perhaps he had been spending the time since he reached his chambers in refreshing slumbers—at any rate, his person was still adorned with a stuff gown—brown from frequent toastings at the fire—which had slipped altogether off one shoulder. As the young gentleman had not taken the trouble to exchange his bands for a necktie, he reminded one of a baby prepared for a meal.

Following his friend into his sitting-room, Terence walked up to the fireplace, leaned his elbow on the mantel-piece, placed one foot on the fender, and gazed pensively at his own image, as reflected in the pier-glass.

‘What an unfortunate phiz!’ he muttered.

‘How so?’ asked his friend.

‘How so? My face is my one grand misfortune, my life’s burden; it will prove to be my ruin. How so, you ask? Why, how can I expect solicitors to believe in my knowledge of law, profound as it is, when they see the infantile dimple yet lingering on my cheeks? How can a client believe in my wisdom—mature though it be—my prudence, my steadiness, my devotion to the weightier duties of our profession, when my face gives the lie to my best efforts? The mere attorney looketh on the outward appearance; and how doth that appearance belie me! I have made up my mind, Thesiger, that there is no hope for me at the bar.’

‘What do you mean to do, then?’

‘Marry a rich widow. Can you think of anything better? That’s what *you* ought to do, my son—clearly.’

An indefinable change passed over Hugh’s features. O’Neil did not notice it; or, if he did, no one would have guessed from his face that he was conscious of having made a false step.

‘When you have quite done talking nonsense, will you listen to me?’ said Hugh.

‘Certainly, my dear sir. You want some advice, no doubt, as to a point which baffles your blunt Saxon intelligence.—Proceed.’

‘I want to know if you will spend Saturday and Sunday with me at my uncle’s—down in Hampshire?’

‘Any pretty girls in the house?’

‘No—only my uncle and aunt.’

‘Then I accept with pleasure. I should be sorry to give any maiden cause for—’

‘Do shut up, Terence.—By the way, did old Bustle get his verdict in that collision case?’ asked Hugh, lighting a cigar.

Terence answered the question, and the conversation immediately lapsed into ‘shop’.

Terence O’Neil was, however, something more than a hare-brained egotist. His manner to Thesiger’s uncle, the old half-pay officer, and to his hostess, was so deferential and considerate, that they were both delighted with him; and Mrs Thesiger even congratulated her nephew on possessing a friend of so much steadiness and of such good principles. In the old lady’s eyes, her nephew was still a boy, who needed a guiding hand as much as ever he did.

‘Don’t you think, Hugh?’ she said to him on Saturday morning after breakfast, as he sat alone in her husband’s little book-room—‘Don’t

you think you ought to take this opportunity of calling at Roby Chase? You wrote to Lady Boldon after her husband’s death, I suppose?’

‘No, aunt.’

‘My—dear—boy!’

This answer made Mrs Thesiger certain of what she had long suspected.

‘Of course,’ she said, ‘you will do as you think best; but if I were you, I would certainly call on Lady Boldon. You need not stay more than five minutes. Perhaps she may be out, and then you need only leave your card.’

Having said this, Mrs Thesiger slipped out of the room.

‘Hang it all, she is right,’ said Hugh, pitching the stump of his cigar into the fire, and pulling savagely at his moustache. ‘We are sure to meet some day or other; and it would be twice as awkward if I had not called. It looks as if I were still—as if I were determined to cut her. And after what passed in London, that would be absurd. I had better go.’

Yet he knew that the interview would be an embarrassing one, for him, at any rate; and he decided to go first to the Rectory, and try to bring it about that some one of the family should accompany him to the Chase. It was not that he really hated the idea of meeting Lady Boldon; but he hardly knew whether he had forgiven her or not for her conduct to him. It was shyness, and unwillingness to reawaken painful memories, that made him hesitate about going. Then he imagined that both of them would feel less embarrassed if the meeting were in the presence of some third person; and so he hit upon the plan of calling first at the Rectory.

As a matter of course, Terence accompanied his friend in the walk to Woodhurst, the idea being that, after paying their respects to Mrs Bruce, he would return, while Hugh went on to the Chase.

‘I am in luck,’ said Hugh to himself, as he entered the Rectory drawing-room. Marjory was in walking costume, and the chances were that she was going to Roby Chase.

Marjory Bruce did not much resemble her handsome sister. She was shorter; her features were not so striking; and her face was not nearly so expressive as Adelaide’s. Many people, however, thought it the sweeter face of the two. All her life Marjory had been somewhat overshadowed by her sister’s stronger personality. Quite unconsciously, Adelaide had always taken the first place, and left the back seat, as it were, to the younger girl. And Marjory did not resent this. It was natural. Was not Adelaide the elder, and the beauty of the family? It was but fitting that she should have the pick of all invitations, and the right of preference in such matters as new hats, gloves, and sun-shades.

But this voluntary self-effacement, this habit of dropping naturally into the background, had lent a shyness to Marjory’s manner that was in itself attractive. Her brown eyes, too—both hair and eyes were a shade or two darker than her sister’s—were really very pretty. Her forehead was low; and her nose, though not beautifully moulded, like Adelaide’s, had that little irregularity, that charming morsel of ugliness,

towards the extremity, which gives so delightful a touch of individuality to a girl's face. In short, Marjory was as attractive a girl, and as good a girl, as one would find on a summer day's journey.

She and Hugh were the best of friends. She had been perfectly aware, of course, of his love for Adelaide; and though not a word on the subject had ever passed between them, her heart had ached for him at the time of her sister's engagement. Hugh knew, too, that he had her sympathy, and was grateful.

Thesiger introduced O'Neil to her, and Marjory received him with a blush which she would have given the world to repress.

'I'm sorry I can't ask you to stay,' said the girl, looking exclusively at Hugh, 'for papa and mamma are both out, and I am going over to the Chase this afternoon. Adelaide expects me.—But let me give you a cup of tea first.'

'Tea? No; thank you. But the fact is, I thought of calling on Lady Boldon myself to-day.'

'Then we can go together,' said Marjory, without so much as thinking whether she was keeping within the proprieties or not.

'And our friend O'Neil—what shall we do with him?' asked Hugh with a smile.

'I am sure my sister will be very glad to see Mr O'Neil,' said Marjory, with a demure little glance at the stranger.

'Thank you; I won't intrude on Lady Boldon,' said O'Neil; 'but I shall be happy to walk over with you, and have a look at the park.'

The three set off together; and when they reached the lodge gates, it was arranged that they should meet in the avenue in half an hour, so that Hugh and Terence might return home together.

Hugh thought he had never seen Adelaide look so handsome as she did that day. Her crepe dress and her dainty widow's cap admirably set off her lovely face and her clear white complexion. There was no affectation of sadness in her demeanour; neither was there any unbecoming lightness or freedom. But there was a faint tinge of pink in her cheek, a sign of the pleasure she had felt at Hugh's appearance.

She said but little, allowing Marjory to do most of the talking, for she had determined in her own mind that she would follow Hugh's lead, whatever it might be, and Hugh was almost painfully silent. He felt supremely uncomfortable in the great drawing-room, peopled with tables, chairs, and cabinets. This beautiful titled woman, its mistress, was not his Adelaide of long ago. He could not recognise in her the girl he had longed to make his sweetheart.

So he sat there, growing more dumb every moment, till his silence became positively rude.

Lady Boldon, outwardly calm, inwardly indignant, was talking in low, sweet tones, throwing a word now and again to him, as if he had been a dependent to whom she wanted to be civil. She was far too proud to lay herself out to break down Hugh's reserve; and yet her heart was pained almost to bursting.

At length Hugh rose to go.

'Put on your hat, Adelaide, and come down

the avenue,' said Marjory; 'the air will do you good.'

Lady Boldon hesitated a moment, and then consented, merely throwing a wrap round her head and shoulders as she passed through the hall.

The little party had not gone far when they met Terence O'Neil, who was duly presented to Lady Boldon. Then Marjory, remembering that her sister and Hugh had not been alone for a moment, passed on in front, and Terence quickly joined her, leaving the other two to follow them.

Some seconds, perhaps a minute, passed, and neither Hugh nor his companion uttered a word. The voices of Terence and Marjory could just be heard; but the chief sound was the sighing of the wind in the leafless branches overhead. At length Hugh, forcing himself to speak, made some commonplace remark. He received no reply; and glancing at the woman at his side, he saw that her eyes were downcast, and almost closed, her face pale, and cold as that of a statue.

Hugh thought that she meant to rebuke him for his bad manners, and he began to stammer out an apology. As he did so, he glanced at Adelaide's face again, and saw a great tear-drop fall from her eyelid to her hand. A pang of self-reproach and pity shot through his heart.

'Adelaide, what have I done? What have I said to pain you?' he asked.

There was no reply.

'Adelaide,' he said again, in a softer tone, raising his hand as though he would take Lady Boldon's in his own, 'have I offended you, or pained you?'

'Yes, Hugh, you have pained me, and, in a way, offended me.' Lady Boldon stopped as she spoke, and drew herself up. Her carriage was full of simple dignity; and though her eyes were laden with tears, there was not a trace of the lachrymose in her tones or in her manner. 'I could hardly fail to be pained at the exceeding coldness of your behaviour. After all, we are old friends, and I value your regard. It would have been almost better for you not to have come to me, than to come, and tell me by every word, by every tone of your voice, that you disliked me, and meant to show that you did.'

'Dislike you! Oh, Adelaide!'

'Yes; dislike me, or despise me, if you prefer the word. You have a perfect right to remain at a distance from me; but it seems to me, considering our old friendship, that you have hardly a right to come to me and behave as you have done to-day.'

She stopped; and as Hugh looked at his old love, he saw a faint suspicion of a smile stealing out from her eyes, like sunshine breaking upon a watery sky. In that moment the old love rushed back like a torrent into his heart. It was she, herself, not Lady Boldon any longer, but the Adelaide he remembered so well! His emotion was so great, that he could not find words—it almost choked his utterance; and Adelaide saw and understood. She saw that she had conquered, that his heart once more belonged to her, and a joy too great for words filled her breast.

But she dared not show it. She turned away her head when Hugh murmured, 'Forgive me,' and kissed away the tear that had fallen on her hand.

'Hush!' she said, stealing a look at him, a look which betrayed something of the happiness she felt.—'We are friends once more, then, are we not?'

'For ever!' said Hugh.

'If you are willing, Hugh, let the past be forgotten. Let us begin a new life from this day.'

'Do you remember that evening you met me at the stile in Ringwood Lane? Let us begin our new friendship from the day before that meeting. Let that evening be part of what is blotted out.'

'Very well,' murmured Adelaide; and the compact between them was sealed.

(*To be continued.*)

PARVISES AND PORCHES.

MENTION of the term Parvise probably brings no associations of ideas to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred. Nevertheless, on acquaintance with the buildings that bear the name they will be found to be objects of considerable interest; for parvise is the designation by which the chamber over the porch of a church is now generally known. Some authorities maintain this is an erroneous use of the term; but it obtains all the same. The name is applied by continental antiquaries to the open space in front of a church or cathedral; and in old times it was also applied to a vestibule, or narthex; and even to the porch as well as to the room over it. A similar term, 'paradise,' was also occasionally applied to the open space in front of ecclesiastical edifices, as well as to the square in the centre of cloisters. The cloister garth at Chichester is still called the Paradise: that at Chester has been contracted to the Sprise garden.

The parvise—limiting the appellation now to the room over a porch—has many uses. In some structures it was intended, at first, for an apartment for the person who acted as porter, who was placed there that he might readily admit the unfortunates who applied for sanctuary; and in others it is supposed to have been meant for the occupation of a priest, probably a chantry priest. At Leverington, near Wisbech, the parvise is said to have been used as a hermitage. The largest example is agreed to be that in St John's Church, Cirencester; perhaps the most ancient is that in Southwell Minster. Occasionally, there are to be seen in our small village churches examples as full of arresting interest as those in our grander fabrics. In some instances, as in the north porch of Eredon Church, Worcestershire, the only access to the parvise is by means of a ladder; but for the most part they are approached by narrow winding stone steps, which ascend from either the exterior or interior of the edifice to which they belong. The exterior staircase is often enclosed in a turret, called the parvise turret.

Probably no county is without a few speci-

mens of parvises, though they occur much more frequently in some parts of the kingdom than in others. They belong, generally, to that period of time which in architectural parlance is spoken of as Perpendicular, or Third-pointed—or, in other words, to the days when the rival houses of Lancaster and York successively ruled the land, including the reign of Henry Tudor; but not always, as there are a few examples of the workmanship of the previous century; and, as mentioned, at least one specimen wrought in the time immediately succeeding the Conquest, in Southwell Minster. For centuries, however, the parvise over a porch was a rarity: in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was much more usual.

There is a parvise on the porch opening into the south aisle of Warkworth Church, with a narrow winding stone stair in a turret at the angle on the eastern side of it, which dies into the roof below the parapet. From this small low chamber, through the mullioned southern light, the occupant could command a view of the whole of the pleasant village sloping up the steep street to the grand castle at the higher end of it in which Shakespeare laid so much of his 'Henry IV.' We may assume Hotspur and his father worshipped in this church; at all events, on occasions. The sounds of their footsteps echoed in the vaulted roof, and their voices must have reverberated in the little edifice before this parvise and the new aisle were added. It is a very old church, built, in the first place, by Saxon masons, but taken down in Norman times and rebuilt by Norman masons, with deep-set, semicircular-headed windows, with a continuous label-moulding passing from one to the next, and arching over the semicircular headings, and falling again into the straight projecting rounded line till it comes again to another window, when it rises and falls as before; and with a stone-groined chancel. And long before the Percies' name became a power in the north, a strong tower was built against the west end, apparently that the inhabitants of the surrounding district might have a place of refuge to flee to in times of need; and this tower was built up against the old Norman doorway, which, as well as the small deep-set Norman window over it, is thus enclosed in it to this day. Some time after Hotspur closed his eyes upon the battlefield, the south wall of the little edifice was taken down and replaced by a row of columns; and then a wide and comparatively lofty aisle was thrown out with large transomed windows in it and a timbered roof (now hoary and ashen gray); and opening into this bright aisle was built the stone porch with the parvise over it, we now see. There is a sun-dial over the entrance-way. This parvise was used as a parish school-room in the last century.

It is not every porch that is adapted for a parvise. Some in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex are made of open timber-work arranged in traceried panels, with perforated barge-boards, and overhanging oaken roofs covered with shingles. Half the picturesqueness of these oak-pinned porches would be lost if weighted with superstructures. Some stone porches are too small and too shallow. There is a porch of this kind on the south side of the fourteenth-century church in which lie the stone effigies of Lady Jane Grey and her

father and mother, at Astley, in the green heart of Warwickshire, where, looking round, we may see the long low red-brick dwelling of these personages, half manor-house, half castle, close by, with the old moat, the old trees, the old cottages that were familiar sights in their eyes, which form a most appealing nook, and give a captivating interest to the ancient church. Although, even when sufficiently large, porches were not always provided with these features, they were considered to have four other requisites, some of which were usually forthcoming—seats, windows, a niche over the entrance for the figure of a saint, and a holy-water stoup, or 'benatura,' which last was sometimes enriched with a small canopy, and sometimes placed on a bracket. Instead of the niche, a sun-dial was frequently substituted, and supplemented with a motto. The porch was used for various purposes, including the commencement of the baptismal, marriage, and churching services. In old times catechumens were taught in some of them. On the Continent, penances and exorcisms sometimes took place in them; and we read of the burial of persons of rank in them before it became the fashion to bury within the walls of sacred edifices.

Devonshire has many large groined porches with parvises; Lincolnshire has also numerous examples. Over the porch of Rickinghall Church, Suffolk, there is an interesting parvise. The porches of Norfolk are frequently made of the exquisite flinting for which the county is famous. Whatever the material or locality, the situation chosen for their erection was generally the south side of the nave. Two porches are occasionally found on one edifice, when one is placed on the north as well as one on the south: three are very rarely met with. The western end of a church is seldom approached by means of a porch, though the tower at that end is occasionally pierced with a doorway, and so serves for one. The church chest is sometimes kept in the parvise, as well as various articles no longer in use, such as old collecting boxes, old notice boards, or frameworks for decorations. But whether often entered or not, the winds sweep through these old chambers, dry them, soften the edges of their interstices; the rains pelt down upon them, or slant gently to them; the sun shines on them and warms them with faint heat; the moon glances down at them with cool gleams; and all these influences mellow them, and give them an indescribably venerable aspect.

It is interesting to find record has been preserved of some of the individuals who presented themselves at the sanctuary door of Durham Cathedral, and were doubtless received by the occupant of the parvise. They were guilty of various crimes, including homicide and prison-breaking; and some of them were debtors fleeing from their creditors. One case recorded in the Durham books is that of a man who escaped from prison, and demanded protection from those who would have taken him back to it. He owned he had committed the theft for which he had been imprisoned, and begged for help to enable him to leave the kingdom. A ceremony was gone through, near the shrine of St Cuthbert, in the course of which he took an oath he would leave with all the speed he conveniently could

and never return, and was directed to take off his clothing, even his shirt, which articles were to be the property of the sacristan, who, however, returned them to him. He was then delivered to a party of constables who passed him on to others, till he arrived at the nearest seaport, and was there shipped. Mention has been handed down that fugitives carried a white cross made of wood as a sign. Another case is that of three canons of Eglestone Abbey, who, with their servant, as they neared Lartington, were set upon by one Richard Appleby with a company of followers. In their defence the canons' servant struck Appleby with a Welsh bill on the back of his head, which blow led to his death in the course of twelve days afterwards. A third was a goldsmith, who confessed he had stolen a dagger from another goldsmith at Boston. Cattle and horse-stealing and house-breaking were also frequent forms of ill-doing that required recourse to sanctuary after their perpetration.

There is a porch to the church of Newbiggin, on the north-east coast of Northumberland, that is remarkable for its contents. It is now, and has been for some years, the fashion to preserve ancient sculptured tomb-slabs by building them up in the face of the internal walls of porches; and this porch has seven very fine examples built up in it. Five of these slabs, besides the rich floriated crosses, have shears carved upon them; and one of these five has a key cut upon it likewise, and another has two keys. On the remaining two slabs two-handed swords are carved, besides richly ornamental crosses. This porch is not ancient, but has been added to the venerable church in days of ill-fortune, when its walls have been taken down, and the spaces between the columns of the aisles filled in with modern masonry, instead of them, to reduce its size. There are fragments of seven more slabs built up, also, in the modern porch of another ancient church close by, at Woodhorn. At Cambo, in the same neighbourhood, a modern porch is also lined with tomb-slabs that doubtless formed part of the memorials of the ancient church that has been replaced by the present structure. On one of these is cut a full-length figure of a man with a sword, a rare departure from the usual flowery-headed cross. Time has preserved them for us, indeed, but has carefully concealed the memorial associations to which they owe their origin.

The porch of Felton Church, on the stream beloved of anglers, the Coquet, is curious. The original thirteenth-century church was nearly doubled in size in the fourteenth century by masons, who added north and south aisles to it. Curiously, they did not take down the thirteenth-century porch, but enclosed it in their new south aisle instead, and threw out beyond it a second one, which still gives access to it; and consequently the hoary old pile is full of nooks and quaintnesses it would have been without, had they demolished it.

An Irish example is curious on account of inscriptions cut into its stones. It is of Norman workmanship, and belongs to Freshford Church, Kilkenny. The legends are incised on two bands on the inner arch of the porch. The first one runs: 'A prayer for Niam, daughter of Core, and for Mathghamain O'Clearmeic, by whom was made this church.' The upper: 'A prayer for

Gille Mocholmoc O'Ceneucain, who made it. Some are noticeable on account of using up more ancient materials, as in Kirkby-Stephen Church, where one of the old dated beams of the nave has been built up in the new porch. Sometimes porches have been chosen as memorials, as at Eglingham, where one was erected recently to the memory of a late vicar. In Kelloe Church, Durham, a chapel, or chantry, on the north side is called the Thornley Porch.

There is a parvise on the ripe and mellow south porch of Thirsk Church, in Yorkshire, of the occupant of which we have some knowledge. In Foxe's Acts it is stated a hermit kept the chapel of St Giles at the end of the town of Thirsk for two or three years, and then, to the end that he might live a harder and straiter life, resolved to be an anchorite, and suffered himself to be closed up 'in a little house' on the church porch, where he lived for two more years, helped by sympathising admirers. In the case of Warkworth Hermitage, the hermit made himself a tiny porch, with a narrow seat on each side of it, and cut over the inner side of the doorway from it into his little chapel a pathetic statement, veiled in Latin wording, that his tears had been his meat day and night. The grander porches and parvises of our cathedrals give us, however, a better idea of the old feeling that must have dictated their erection. These are magnificent, and they seem to have meant ecstasy. There is a fine example on the north side of Hereford Cathedral, where an open porch some twenty feet square leads the way to a closed one of similar dimensions with a parvise over it. Neither the vast cylindrical columns of the mighty nave, nor the majestic tower, nor the richly cumbered arcades, nor the wide floors paved with the grave-stones of bishops and other worthies, nor the shadowy lady-chapel, is more impressive of olden piety than this presentment of the work of our inciting predecessors, with which we are thus brought face to face on the threshold. The episcopal monuments are kept in this parvise.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

WITH bent head Lulu turned her steps slowly to Larry's tent, where he lay ill. A smile came over the stern face as she remembered they had told her he was asking incessantly for her. Yet, much as she wanted to see him, she shrank in a measure that astonished her from going to say good-bye to him. She felt—and could not interpret the feeling—that when she had turned from him for the last time, she would indeed have cut away the final link that bound her to life. Yet much she marvelled at this fear of seeing Larry; for who else had been her adviser and teacher throughout? And to whom else should she go now for confirmation in her dim and savage perception of duty? None. To him of all men she should go; for her fine instinct told her that beneath that laughing, teasing manner was hidden one of the finest and noblest of spirits.

'Why should I fear? Has he not been my friend all through, quick to tell me the right?' So saying, she lifted the curtain and

entered the tent in her own noiseless way. Larry lay on the low camp stretcher, with closed eyes and half-averted face; and Lulu started to see how even in these three days he had altered. Illness had stripped the fine face of its veil of fun and mischief, and left revealed the man that lay beneath. His features wore a troubled, restless look, and ever and anon he moved uneasily. A curious softness crept into the girl's eyes as she stood and looked at him. Then, perhaps feeling her gaze, or perhaps ever watchful of the door, Larry suddenly opened his eyes and glanced wearily at the opening; and, oh, then how his face altered! Joy overwhelmed every other expression, and turning towards her, he raised himself on his elbow and stretched out both hands to her. 'Lulu, oh Lulu! You have come back! And I thought I should have to die alone.' 'Die, Larry?'—crossing the tent and kneeling beside him. 'What do you mean? You won't die!'

'Not now; perhaps'—softly. Then, unable to control his delight, Larry, for the first time, put his arm round the girl and drew her close to him. 'Not whilst you are with me, my darling'—kissing the tremulous lips softly. 'I could not die and leave you.'

'Oh Larry, Larry, don't!' said the girl distressfully. 'It makes it so much harder—what I have to tell you.'

'What is that?' asked Larry quickly.

And then, hurriedly, as if before her courage should ooze away, Lulu told him of the sad state of affairs, ending by repeating her decision to ride to Fort Resolve, and appealing to him in a tone of entreaty. 'Oh Larry, Ray of Sunshine, brave, good brother, speak to me truthfully. Say that what my spirit tells me is right.'

Larry was silent for a moment from pure horror; then he broke into quick, passionate, heedless words: 'Oh no, no! You can't go! They shall not send you to be killed by those scoundrels. I won't have it. Oh Lulu, I couldn't let you go!'

'You couldn't let me go?' She repeated the words, as if marvelling over each.

'No. Oh, you must know I couldn't. Lulu, Lulu, don't you know what love is? Don't you love me at all, that you can so calmly speak of leaving me for ever like this? But I will not let them send you. You belong to me more than to any one else; my love gives me a right over you that no one else has. Oh Lulu, I have loved you from the beginning, more than you can know—more than the brother you are so fond of calling me—though I have tried to be as truthful to you as a brother—as a man loves a woman once and for ever. Don't you know?'

But before he had finished speaking, Lulu had come to know. The light had broken in on the darkness of her soul, banishing all shadows, dispelling all doubts, answering all the questions that had been perplexing her. Now she knew why she had been afraid to come and say good-bye. She lifted her face, and in spite of its troubled pallor, the soft rose-colour crept up beneath the smooth skin.

Larry saw it, and said triumphantly, as he

kissed her again and again: 'Now you know why I couldn't let you go.'

But Lulu drooped her head till it rested on his shoulder and said nothing.

Silence for a while reigned supreme in the tent, whilst each was busy with various thoughts. And presently, as she knelt thus silently, the quick-uprisen rose-mists rolled away for Lulu, disclosing the stern face of duty immovable as before. Slowly the brooding trouble began to creep back into the dark eyes, deadening the soft light of a few moments ago. She lifted a face to which the old pallor was returning.

'Larry, is it only because you love me that you cannot let me go? Is not what I purposed to do still right?'

Larry was silent a second. During those heavy fraught moments of silence his conscience, too, had been asserting itself above the voice of passion. What was he doing? This noble, ignorant spirit, that leaned on his greater strength and knowledge—how was he rewarding its trust? Oh, shame! He was deliberately turning her feet from the path of duty to satisfy his own selfish love. Conflicting feelings made the man's voice sound almost pitiful as he spoke to the waiting girl: 'Yes, that is all, Lulu—only my love makes me keep you back. But is not that much? You were quite right—oh, you were quite right, I know. What you decided to do was more than duty: it was the noble part few are given to do. But, oh my darling, I am a coward. I can't let you go into those horrors.'

But Lulu smiled now. Larry was himself again; and she could see clearly once more. 'Oh Larry, think—think again. It is only because you cannot think now that you speak so. Ah, you can see that I must still go at the growing dark of this night. Larry, you know, you yourself have told me that Life is good, but Honour better; and I think that if honour should come before life, it should come before love, or that love is not good love. Oh, I know—you can see—no good can come of love that is taken in the place of duty. I must go. But oh Larry, Larry!—and the girl's voice was a bitter cry.

Larry spoke not a word. Shame and anguish fought together, and his eyes grew black with pain. And Lulu, seeing this, forgot her own pain, and took up her woman's part of comforter, putting her arms round him, and laying her soft cheek to his in a vain endeavour to comfort him.

'It will not be for so long, dear. And having done our duty, we shall be strong to wait. If memory can come beyond the grave, or if there be any light to see, I will wait for you till you come. Larry, I must say good-bye. I have but little time to prepare. I must see that Kalili is well fed, and then I must sleep a little. I shall need all my strength tonight. Oh Larry, I shall never see you again! Something tells me I shall never see you again!' And the girl's voice grew into a cry of exceeding bitterness as she covered her face with her hands. But when she looked up presently, her face had resumed its old firmness. 'Say good-bye, my love, and bid me good

speed—trying to loose the clasp of his arms from round her.

But he gently pulled her back. 'No. Stay a moment. Don't go and leave me to eternal shame. Oh Lulu, your bravery shames my weakness; but yet, see, I am willing you should go now. Forgive me, my love, that I tried to turn you away from the straight path of right. But Lulu, if you get safely there and live—as I pray God you may, my darling—you won't forget me, will you? If they take you to England, and fresh faces come continually before you, you won't forget mine, will you? I could not bear that thought.'

Lulu shook her head steadfastly. 'I shall not live long—that I know. We all can feel the future in some sort—some more, maybe, and some less. And I, when I send my thoughts before me, can feel them stay before a veil of darkness. At that veil I shall unclasp the shoes of life and tread with shrinking feet beyond. But you? Oh Larry, you cannot die!—entreatingly.

'Pray that I may, if you would spare me pain. The surgeon shook his head this morning, so maybe there is hope for me too. Oh Lulu, how sweet has been the short time we have passed together; how glorious to me each rose-scented dawn that woke me to another day with you! Lulu, wait for me whatever may come, or wherever you may go, as I vow I will wait for you. But I know you will.—And now, good-bye, my darling. Good-bye, and God have you in His keeping!—still with his arms firmly clasped about her. But she gently released herself from them, and softly pressing her first and last kiss on the man's hot brow, turned away, and walked steadily towards the door of the tent. There she paused, and looked back for a second—at the handsome, despairing figure, at the familiar tent; and through the half-open doorway the sounds of busy camp-life fell on her ears. All at once she seemed to realise the full horror of the farewell. Her stern courage gave way, and sinking into a seat near the door, Lulu covered her face with her hands and cried like a child—weeping so bitterly that the tears literally streamed through the thin fingers.

Larry was terribly distressed; and after watching her helplessly for a moment or so, endeavoured to rise and come to her; but seeing his intention and effort, Lulu rose, dashing away her tears, and, with an imperious gesture of deprecation and self-contempt, fled from the tent.

And after she had gone, Larry lay back quietly. When, some little time afterwards, the camp-surgeon came to see how he was, he found him in a dead-faint.

By-and-by, after seeing that the mustang was to be well fed, Lulu went to the Colonel's tent for the General's letter, and to say a few final words.

Colonel Harcourt was pacing the tent in some perturbation of mind. 'I don't know whether I am doing right to let you throw away your life like this. You are very young to decide so great a sacrifice for yourself,' he said as the girl entered.

Lulu smiled, a sad, fatal smile. 'My life, you mean? It is well given. I would that were all I were giving, I should not have stayed to count overmuch on that.—Have you written me the letter?'

'Yes; here it is'—handing it to her.—'It is good-bye, then, Lulu—for fear of the worst? You are a brave girl—a true soldier's daughter'—placing his hand on the slim, upright shoulder of the girl. 'But I would not let you go if I did not think that, in that case, before many more suns have risen, we should all lie dead together. We shall all pray that you may get safely through, my child; and whether you succeed or fail, as long as we may live, your memory will never fade with any of us—the memory of a noble girl, who would put to shame the most cultured of those Englishwomen she thought herself so far behind. There will be many heavy hearts in the camp to-day, Lulu, for we have all grown very fond of you.'

The girl's eyes filled with tears, and the mobile lips quivered. 'Then I have not lived in vain,' she said. 'Your debt to me will never be anything like my debt to you. These few weeks of happiness are worth all that has gone or is to come. I came to you a savage and ignorant girl; I go away with knowledge of one or two things that make life, however placed, worth living. You have been very, very good to me—all of you, every one.—Good-bye. It is good-bye; for I don't think I shall ever see you again. If you don't hear from Fort Resolve, you will know that I have but fallen by the way. But I think, somehow, I shall in some measure succeed, for I am giving up more than life to do so.—Good-bye. And say good-bye for me to all my friends. If I say it any more, I shall have no strength for to-night.' And Lulu turned away, leaving the Colonel standing with tears in his eyes, for the first time, perhaps, in all his soldier-life.

As night came on, Lulu grew fretful like a tired child, though her firm purpose never for a moment deserted her. The sky was heavy and sullen, and all was gloom. Lulu moaned to herself that she could not see the sun. If it would only come out and shine on her, and warm and brighten her once more, she would be content, and not murmur so. But she felt she would never see the great, bright, golden sun again.

That night, at dusk, Lulu, with a pale, quiet face, led the hardy mustang, famous for his sagacity and affection for his mistress, and inseparably connected with her name, out of the walls of Fort Hunter. She had a coil of rope in her hands, and she motioned to a native to follow her. A little distance from the fort she bade him lash her to the horse, which he did. Then Kalili bounded forward, and, like a flying shadow, fled into the awesome gloom of the plain.

Near noon the following day, the sentries at Fort Resolve were startled to see a horse standing in a drooping attitude before the entrance. On its back was lashed the motionless, and apparently inanimate, form of a girl. When a sentry approached, she slightly moved her head,

and opened with an effort the eyes that the mists of death were fast deadening. In a faint voice, but with all her dying energy, she said: 'Let your General come and take this from my hand. Now—quickly!'

The sentry sounded the signal for the guard, and in a moment or so the General was on the spot.

In the note, Colonel Harcourt stated who Lulu was, and begged that she might be kept in safety at Fort Resolve, should she ever arrive there.

But General Hammond, looking at the beautiful drooping figure, saw she was beyond all earthly keeping. She was wounded in at least a dozen places, showing how close the Indian scouts had run her.

So nurses came and bore her away; and they wrapped the stately figure in white, and laid her to wait till they should come for whom her life was given. And she who had been beautiful in life was grand in death.

A few days later, a group of soldiers stood, with uncovered heads, round two freshly dug graves. Pale faces and many moistened eyes were there as they listened to the chaplain's words. And then they went away, and two small stones marked the resting-place of two of God's noblest spirits.

So by the side of the Big-sea Water are two quiet graves, grass-hidden, dew-besprinkled. Those whom chance leads past, pause and read with puzzled look the seemingly strange inscriptions. For one bears the words, 'Ray of Sunshine'; and the other, 'A Daughter of the King.'

Though mourners never come and lay flowers on those solitary mounds, yet nightly the sunset's glory comes across the broad water, goldening the two gray stones, followed by the purple mists and the brooding silence of night.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Royal Institution of Great Britain has lately been the recipient of a munificent gift at the hands of Mr Ludwig Mond, F.R.S. Many years ago, it was proposed to establish at this Institution a School of Practical Chemistry, both for the instruction of students and for the purposes of original research. Professor Faraday was among others strongly in favour of the carrying out of this project, but the premises in Albemarle Street were limited in accommodation, and the proposed scheme was not proceeded with. Mr Mond has now placed at the disposal of the Institution a freehold house which adjoins the premises, and has further undertaken to make all necessary structural alterations and to equip it at his own expense, the new addition to the Institution to be called 'The Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.' It is a pleasure to record this public-spirited act of one of our leading men, an act which is so likely to be productive of good to posterity.

A new and apparently very effective method of hermetically sealing glass jars and bottles has been introduced by the Burbridge Patent

Bottle Stopper Syndicate. The neck of the bottle or jar is ground on its upper edge perfectly level, and upon it rests a disc of glass, the two being kept in close contact by an annular ring which screws down upon the bottle. If the air in the bottle be rarefied by heat, as it would be in the act of bottling fruit, for example, the partial vacuum created causes the disc to adhere so tightly that it cannot be removed without some difficulty. The simplicity of the contrivance is not the least of its recommendations.

The artificial hatching of chickens, which has only been brought to anything like perfection in this country within very recent times, has been practised in China for hundreds of years; but, according to the Report of the United States Consul at Chin-kiang, the apparatus employed is of the most primitive description. A long shed built of bamboo, the walls of which are thatched with straw and plastered with mud, forms the hatching-house. Within this shed are straw baskets also plastered with mud, as a precaution against fire, the bottom of each basket being formed of a tile. Beneath each basket a small fire is lighted, in order to keep the eggs which are nested within at the proper temperature for hatching. At the end of a few days the eggs are examined by being held against a hole in the shed, those which are transparent being rejected as non-fertile. In a fortnight the eggs are taken from the baskets, spread out on shelves, and covered over with cotton and a kind of blanket. In due time the chickens break through the walls of their prisons, and come forth to find purchasers shortly afterwards. The industry is a very extensive one.

It would seem certain that before long, engine-driven vehicles will become common upon our highways, not only in the shape of tramcars but also in the form of cycles. The improvements made of recent years in motors and cycles all point in this direction, and it is possible that more advance would have already been made if our present laws did not discourage the use of steam for street traffic. The recent trial in France of twenty-one horseless vehicles of different types, in which petroleum carriages entered into active rivalry with steam is likely to forward this means of locomotion. The idea of a steam-carriage for ordinary roads is by no means new. The picture of one which was tried in Hyde Park, London, about the year 1828, forms the subject of an early wood-engraving. There is no reason why such a vehicle should be any more dangerous than one drawn by a horse.

It is proposed to add to the attractions of the London Parks by the introduction of deer. Enclosures for these beautiful animals have long been provided at Greenwich and Richmond Parks, and the experiment of providing one at Clissold Park, nearer to the metropolitan smoke, has recently proved quite successful, except that the area provided for the animals is rather small. Strange to say, the limited supply of deer is the most formidable hindrance to the extension of the experiment.

According to the *Engineer*, an automatic water-tank for railway purposes has recently

been tried with success. It consists of a tank with a closed top, fixed at the water-surface of a well and kept full of water. Steam from the engine is forced into the tank, and by another pipe the water is urged by the pressure into the tender, the tank refilling itself as soon as the steam has been shut off. The method would certainly be useful in out-of-the-way districts where water under pressure is not readily available, but this is seldom the case in the neighbourhood of busy railway stations.

Dr E. M. Aaron contributes to the *Scientific American* an interesting article on the Soldier or Driver Ants, which he describes as Nature's most invincible creatures. These insects march in battalions, and nothing can stop their progress. Against them no man, or band of men, nor even a herd of elephants, can do anything but hurriedly get out of the way. A favourite mode of capital punishment among the Barotse natives is, he tells us, to smear the prisoner with grease, and to throw him in the path of an advancing band of Soldier Ants. Each insect can do no more than tear a particle of flesh from the victim and carry it off; but it is astonishing how soon the writhing body is converted 'into a skeleton of clean and polished bones that will make the trained anatomist envious.'

In Canada, where the beech and the birch-tree grow to great perfection, a method of quick seasoning of the wood of those trees has recently been adopted. The process has been patented in Germany, and is said to give very satisfactory results. In the first place, the wood is placed in steam-chambers for about twelve days, by which treatment the sap is driven out of the pores. It is then placed in drying chambers, and is subsequently stained by a chemical process, and becomes throughout of a rich brown colour.

A demonstration of Dr Lehner's process for producing artificial silk recently took place at Bradford. The foundation of the 'silk' is waste cotton, jute, or similar material, which is treated with a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acid, so as to form a kind of liquid collodion. This liquid is then formed into threads by being forced through glass tubes with extremely small outlets, and the threads are wound upon bobbins. By a subsequent operation, the material is rendered uninflammable, and is then said to resemble natural silk very closely.

A French paper informs us that the best fuel to employ for pottery purposes has recently been the subject of experiment at the famous porcelain works at Limoges. It is said that wood is costly at Limoges, and that coal of the quality required is difficult to obtain. Experiments with petroleum used with the Wright Spray Burner have shown that the correct temperature can be maintained without difficulty, with complete absence of smoke, while the more delicate tints of the porcelain are preserved unimpaired. It is therefore probable that petroleum as a fuel will be adopted throughout the establishment as soon as the necessary structural alterations can be made in the existing plant.

Some months ago (Feb. 24, 1894), we alluded in

these columns to the value of leaves as a food for cattle, and we are now able to give some further information on the subject, gleaned from a recent Report of the United States Consul at Chemnitz. The French, we are told, have taken the initiative in this movement, and they recommend exclusively the leaves of the hazel, aspen, ash, elm, and willow. The leaves are spread on the barn floor to a depth of from three to four inches, and are turned over daily until they are dry, a process which in favourable weather occupies three days. Mixed with leaves for each day's consumption is a small amount of chopped-up turnips, and just before feeding, clover, hay, or lucerne is sometimes added. It is found advisable to prepare each day's supply of food twenty-four hours in advance. The feeding has proved of great value for milch cows.

The long-talked-of scheme for utilising the power of the Niagara Falls for industrial purposes, which would have been regarded as utopian a quarter of a century ago, is on the point of realisation. The Niagara Power Company will have their electrical plant in action in a few weeks' time, and they hope to distribute energy for a hundred miles round at a much cheaper rate than it can be coaxed from isolated steam-engines. The company have limited themselves in their charter to the distribution of two hundred thousand horsepower; but when the demand arises, arrangements will be made to more than double this output.

The incandescent glow lamp is rightly regarded as one of the safest forms of lamp that can be devised, inasmuch as its fire is enclosed in an envelope, and if that envelope be broken, not a spark will remain. But it must not be forgotten that the little bulb gives out an amount of heat which may lead to disastrous consequences under certain conditions. A conflagration was lately traced to one of these lamps, which had been ignorantly laid on some dry goods without any suspicion of danger. A handkerchief tied round one of these bulbs will quickly char and generally burst into flame in about ten minutes' time. This warning is a necessary one.

The increased facilities for making enormous structures, due to the development of the steel industry, have had the curious effect of introducing among us monster edifices which are destined solely for recreative purposes. The celebrated Eiffel Tower was the first of these, to be followed by imitations all the world over. Then came the Ferris Wheel, which presently is to have its counterpart at South Kensington, both being but exaggerated copies of an arrangement which was common to country fairs of the old-fashioned type. The latest novelty of the kind hails from America, and is known as the Haunted Swing. In this case the visitors—about one dozen in number—are invited to enter a room in which is hung on a central bar a broad platform covered with seats. Presently the swing begins to oscillate, until at last it assumes an inverted position above the bar. The whole thing, however, is based upon an illusion; it is the room which is caused to oscillate with all its contents, the swing and its passengers remaining perfectly still. It is said

that the illusion is so perfect that the visitors spasmodically grasp their seats, to avoid being thrown down.

Improvements in the phonograph have been recently described before the Electro-chemical Society of Berlin by Herr A. Keltzow. The new form of instrument, which, on account of the simplicity of its parts, is cheaper than the old, utilises a cylinder composed of a kind of soap, the original cost of which is three shillings. But as the material allows of a very thin shaving being taken off its surface, so as to provide space for fresh records, a quarter of a million words can be recorded on one cylinder before it is exhausted.

It has always been supposed that, however perfectly a ship may be equipped, it requires a controlling hand at the rudder to guide it in the right direction. But, according to a recent French invention, the helmsman can be dispensed with, for the magnetic compass needle can be made not only to indicate the cardinal points, but to operate the rudder so as to steer a ship in any predetermined direction. The compass needle is so disposed that if the ship goes off her course in either direction, an electric motor is set in action, which in turn operates the steering-gear. It will be seen that the plan is quite feasible, but, at best, it represents an instance of misdirected ingenuity, for no one would trust his ship to a helmsman which would be blind to the danger of collision.

Wood-pulp, which is now used so extensively by the paper-maker, has recently found a new application in the manufacture of piping, which is likely to prove serviceable in various industries. The pipes are moulded on a rod or tube, and are allowed to partially dry before the core is withdrawn. When dry, the pipe is saturated with a hot solution of asphaltum and other materials, which penetrates its entire substance. The ends are then squared and threads cut, as in the case of iron pipes. As the finished material is a non-conducting substance, such pipes can be employed with advantage as underground conduits for electrical wires and cables. Such pipes will also be useful in chemical works, owing to their resistance to the action of acids. The pipes are very strong and durable, and are free from many of the objections to similar pipes made of *papier-mâché*.

A French paper recently published a method of preparing a mushroom bed which will yield a crop all the year round, which for simplicity and cheapness should recommend itself to lovers of that edible fungus. In a box about three feet square and twenty inches in depth, is placed a mixture of three parts dry cow manure and one part garden soil, so as to form a stratum of four inches. A two-inch layer of the same mixture, after being mingled with good mushroom spawn broken up, is now added to the contents of the box, which is afterwards filled up with an eight-inch layer of earth. The whole is slightly compressed, and is watered frequently with fine rose. In a few weeks the first mushrooms will appear, and will continue to do so for at least two years, provided the bed is kept damp,

and the box is kept in a place where the temperature is equable and the light not bright.

A refrigerator has been constructed at Indianapolis, which is designed to make ice by the expansion of natural gas. This gas issues from the wells at a pressure amounting in some instances to twenty atmospheres, or three hundred pounds on the square inch. In its expansion to one atmosphere, or fifteen pounds on the square inch, the gas will fall to a temperature very far below zero, and it is this intense cold which is to be used in the production of ice. The gas is in no way deteriorated by the process, but can be used for furnaces, &c., after the work has been done. Thus can natural gas be made to act first as a cooling and afterwards as a heating agent.

At the recent meeting of the Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom, held at Dublin, a new kind of camera stand was shown and explained. Its main object is to provide a means of copying engravings, museum specimens, cut flowers, medals, &c., which are more conveniently held in a horizontal position, the work being easily accomplished in any ordinary sitting-room. The apparatus can also be applied to portraiture, and to the production of lantern slides from negatives of any size. The contrivance will be of great use to amateurs generally, and will be of especial service in libraries, museums, law-courts, and other institutions, where the rapid copying of a document, picture, or other object is often a matter of importance. The new apparatus has been patented by the inventors, Messrs. T. C. Hepworth and T. R. Dallmeyer, the well-known optician of London.

The recently opened Tower Bridge, which forms such a beautiful gateway to the city of London, has, as was anticipated, secured a goodly share of the traffic between the north and south shores of the Thames. The welcome relief to the congested state of London Bridge has of late been very noticeable, the constant stream of traffic, until lately one of the sights of London, having diminished to an extraordinary degree. Careful note is being taken of the number of foot-passengers and vehicles which daily cross the river by both the old and the new bridges, and the results will be looked forward to with great interest.

SEEKING BURIED TREASURE.

HALF a century or more ago, the belief that there was gold and silver and other treasure buried at various places in the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was not uncommon among the people of those provinces, and efforts to unearth the hoards of wealth supposed to have been hidden by the notorious Captain Kidd or the early French settlers, when the latter were driven out by the English, were of frequent occurrence. Much superstition was associated with these enterprises. Even yet, there are believers in the old traditions, and there are still occasional devotees of the 'mineral rod' who go on midnight excursions to supposed haunts of treasure.

A more ambitious scheme is even now afoot, in the effort to organise a company to search on Oak Island, Nova Scotia, for treasure alleged to have been buried there by Captain Kidd. Years ago, a great deal of money and labour was fruitlessly spent there; but hope survives. Isle Haute is another favourite spot; and there are some others. The following sketch has to do with none of these, but throws a good deal of light on the subject as to the point of view of the average seeker after these wonderful treasures.

Whenever I hear or read a story relating to buried treasure, there comes to me the recollection of an experience of my own youthful days. It could not be called a thrilling experience, for there was no startling incident, and we found no treasure; but for myself there was enough of glory and reward in the distinction of being guide to a party of money-diggers, whose plans involved a nocturnal visit to a lonely grave in the woods, and whose accoutrements included among other things a mineral rod, a dark-lantern, and a sword. The story is worth relating, not because it will quicken the pulses or enthrall the imagination, for it will do neither; but because it shows how minds otherwise well balanced may be affected by the power of superstition and the desire for suddenly acquired wealth.

It is not strictly necessary that I should begin with a reference to the American Revolution; but there is really some connection between that event and this particular incident of later times, and therefore such reference may at least be pardoned.

At the close of the Revolution, a large body of Royalists, or Loyalists, as they are called, left New York, New Jersey, and other States of the American Union, and removed to what is to-day known as the city of St John, in the Canadian province of New Brunswick. At the date of their arrival, in the year 1783, there were only a fort, a few stores, some fishermen's huts and houses, on the verge of an unbroken forest wilderness stretching interminably inland from the rugged and forbidding shore. The commandant at Fort Howe, as the place was named, was Major Gilfred Studholm, an English army officer. He had been stationed there for several years, and had been largely instrumental, at the outbreak of the revolutionary war, in persuading the Miocene and Micmac Indians of that region to break a compact into which they had entered to send some six hundred warriors to the aid of General Washington.

With the coming of the Loyalists, the aspect of affairs changed at Fort Howe. A city sprang up there as if by magic, and the province of New Brunswick was speedily constituted, with a Government separate from that of Nova Scotia. Major Studholm gave up military life, left the city, and settled down in the wilderness forty miles away. He received a grant of some five thousand acres of forest-land on the shores of the Kennebecasis River, at that point but a narrow stream. Where a small tributary, now called the Millstream, joins the Kennebecasis, he erected a rough log-house on a commanding site overlooking the valleys of both streams, and there spent the remainder of his

life. Here and there along the valley small clearings were being made around the cabins of other pioneers; bridle-paths were cut through the dense evergreen forest; and people who had left comfortable, and some of them luxurious, homes in the revolted colonies were settling down to carve out a new home in the wilderness. Their only means of reaching the rising city at the mouth of the river was by forest trail or by small boat or canoe; the river for half its course being narrow and, in summer, very shallow. Here Major Studholm lived, with neither child nor wife to cheer his solitude. From his rank and position, however, he was an important personage among the settlers, for he had the honour to be a member of the first Executive Council of the newly constituted province.

Thus far history. And now the reader will kindly take for granted the lapse of some three-quarters of a century. A marvellous change had meantime come to pass. The railway now traversed the thickly settled Kennebecasis Valley, which was dotted with small villages; and other settlements stretched away at various points on either hand. The Millstream Valley was now the abode of well-to-do farmers. Near the point where Major Studholm had settled, there was a small village and railway station. The very hill where his house had stood was now used as a drill-ground for the militia, and annually, or at longer periods, the cavalry galloped, or the red-coated infantry marched, over the almost forgotten site of the old man's home. For Major Studholm was long since dead. At his own request, his remains were interred on the highest point of the range of hills that walled the northern side of the valley. It was on his own land, and not far from the site of his house. The grave was unmarked, and its exact location unknown, except that it was within a small, circular, open space among the trees, reached from the open field through a narrow pathway along the crest of the hill, overarched by evergreens, and gloom-shadowed even at noonday. Curious persons visited the spot betimes and carved their initials on the surrounding trees, and rested for a little on the rustic seat provided by a thoughtful hand. Here, in calm seclusion, reposed the dust of the stern old soldier, whose life had known so much of strife and turmoil and adventure.

But memories of the old man survived, coloured by a little of superstitious awe, and strange tales were told by some of the older folk in the valley. It was told on winter evenings at the fireside how the old man, riding his favourite white horse at a gallop, had been seen at night at the bend of the highway below his old home, the hoofs of his phantom steed spurning the earth with soundless tread.

Most alluring to the fancy, however, was the oft-told tale of the secret burial of hoarded gold. It was alleged that in the Major's house for many years reposed a small box of great strength and weight, and always locked. But one morning—so tradition runs—the box was found by the old housekeeper to be empty; and she made at the same time the further discovery that an iron pot which formed part of

the kitchen furnishings had utterly and mysteriously disappeared. She may have been somewhat puzzled by the singular coincidence, for she was only a housekeeper and on the spot; but to the enlightened understanding of persons living a generation or so after the event was alleged to have transpired, the thing was perfectly clear. The Major had of course taken the pot, poured the gold into it, and buried them both. And this explanation furnished a key for the solution of another problem: Why should Major Studholm ask to be buried on that lonely eminence, so far removed from the resting-place of the bodies of his fellow-pioneers? Why, indeed, but that his spirit might be near to guard his buried treasure from the clutch of human greed! And so the story went abroad that somewhere on the hill-top beside the old man's grave, heaped safe within an iron pot, a store of shining gold lay hidden in the earth. And then, as there were dreamers of dreams among the men of this later generation, it came to pass that one, living many miles away, who knew not where the old man's bones were buried, yet saw one night in a vision the spot where the treasure lay. He remembered that the place was on a hill, and that the hill was crowned with trees. After this revelation, even scepticism must needs be dumb.

What wonder, then, that on a starless autumn evening there should come to me upon the village street three men—not natives of that place, though one of them was known to me—and ask, in whispered tones, that I should lead them to the grave of Major Studholm? I was young, the night was dark, the charm of mystery surrounded the adventure. I consented to go. The confession that I also borrowed an iron bar from a neighbour's shed will probably not lead to an indictment at this late date, especially since the tool was returned before daybreak.

My new friends had already driven many miles, and we now entered the large carriage, and drove on across the Kennebecasis and the Millstream, around the curving highway to the foot of the hill. Here the horse and carriage were secreted in some clumps of alders by the roadside, the tools were shouldered by the party, and we climbed, in the darkness, through a hill-side pasture to the path leading through the woods to the grave. A dark lantern was then lighted, and we journeyed on to the goal. In the open space where lay the soldier's grave we halted, and one of the party produced a mineral rod. It was a short hollow rod, wrapped in whalebone. The contents of the rod I do not know, though quicksilver, I believe, was one ingredient. The thing had two pliable prongs or handles attached at one end, by which it was held in both hands of the operator. When properly held, the closed palms of both hands were turned upward, with the rod in an erect or perpendicular position between them. Anything that attracted the rod caused it to deviate from the perpendicular; and if the attraction were directly below, on or in the ground, the rod would twist about in the man's hands and point straight downward. A mineral rod, it may be noted parenthetically, will only 'work' in the hands of some persons, and the

number is very few. Our magician walked about the open space with the rod in his hands ; but if any of us had anticipated that we would be called upon to disturb the dust of Major Stadholm, we were agreeably disappointed. No such gruesome task awaited us, for the movement of the mineral rod made it plain that the attraction was not at our feet, but somewhere down the hill-side toward the highway from which we had come. We therefore plunged into the dense thicket of evergreens, and, with considerable difficulty, forced our way down into the open field. Still the silent and mysterious guide urged us onward until we had passed a tall and scraggy pine-tree standing solitary on the hill-side in the midst of a field of buckwheat. But we had no sooner passed that spot than the rod revealed the fact that we had gone too far. It obstinately turned about and pointed up the hill again. There is no good in arguing with a mineral rod, even on a dark and gloomy night, and we therefore retraced our steps until we stood beneath the spreading branches of the pine. After a little experiment, the wizard of the party found a spot where the rod turned itself about in his hands and pointed to the ground. We looked at each other for a moment in silence.

'It's there,' said one at length, with all the emphasis of conviction.

'Yes, sir, that's where it is,' declared another. And at the word we prepared for work.

He of the mineral rod produced a sword and strode out into the darkness. Such an uncanny proceeding at such a time was to me rather startling, for until that hour I had never been a treasure-seeker beyond the legitimate fields of toil. The spell of mystery was strong upon me. Had I not heard of money-diggers who at the moment of almost assured success were startled by phantom horsemen riding down the wind, and in terror, fled for their lives ? And of others who, when their tools rang upon the cover of the treasure-box, were shocked by an awful clatter of rattling chains in the very bowels of the earth, and saw the coveted box vanish on the instant ? These were matters of common talk along the country-side in my boyhood days. Was it not a fact, vouchéd for by an old man well known to me, that two men, well known to him, were digging for money one dismal night, and one of them was thrown bodily out of the hole by a mysterious Presence visible to both, though indescribable ? Why, it was but the other day, out on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, that a party had located a pirate hoard, and were about to remove it from its hiding-place, when a vessel of ancient mould loomed up off shore, as though it had risen from the depths, and from the side a boat put off, manned by sailors in the costume of a century ago. And when one of the party was startled into an exclamation of terror—presto ! —both crew and vessel disappeared, and where the treasure lay, there gaped an empty hole ; for the treasure of Captain Kidd had followed his phantom ship into the realms of mystery.

In view of all this, and much more to the same effect, it was but natural that I should be impressed, and eminently proper that our party should overlook no due precaution ; and

hence it was that our swordsman went forth into the darkness. He went but a few steps, however, and began to describe a large circle around us, taking care to cut through the surface of the ground with the point of his weapon. Just before the circle was completed, he turned to us : 'Are you all ready ?'

The others had meanwhile explained to me that, after the circle was made complete, no word must pass our lips ; and nothing, not even a grain of earth from the spade, must be permitted to pass beyond that magic line. I was also informed that some treasure-seekers deemed it essential to sprinkle the blood of a black hen around the circle ; but my friends regarded that ceremony as entirely superfluous.

'All ready,' I said to the swordsman, and in a twinkling the circle was closed. And at the next instant, pick and spade sunk into the earth at the spot designated as the exact hiding-place of the coveted treasure. It was a weird scene. The night was starless, and midnight was at hand. The autumn wind, sweeping the lone hill-side, moaned in dismal cadence in the branches of the pine. The lantern caused grotesque shadows to dance about us. Three of us hurriedly plied the pick and spade, while the fourth stalked grimly around us, cleaving the air with his magic sword, as if defying the spirits of earth or air to pass the boundaries he had set. Anon, he paused long enough to hold the mineral rod above the hole we were digging, indicating the exact location of the treasure, and at the same time giving us to understand, through the medium of signs, that the deeper we dug, the stronger became the attraction. Once our iron bar struck something that emitted a hollow sound. There was a quick exchange of significant glances, and excitement ran high. We worked with feverish energy, and presently a flat stone was turned up to our view, and nothing more. We went down several feet, and at length struck solid rock, covering the whole bed of the opening, and apparently as immovable as though it were a part of the solid base of the hill itself. After vainly trying to dig around it, one of the party, in sudden disgust, ejaculated : 'I don't believe it's there at all !'

'Now you've done it !' savagely growled the warrior and magician, who forthwith trailed his weapon and grasped the mineral rod. Surely enough, the other adventurer had done it. The rod, when held over the hole, pointed as calmly skyward as if there had never been an ounce of treasure hidden in the earth. The mysterious source of attraction had entirely disappeared !

We stared at each other in silence, and the man who had broken the magic spell by speaking was manifestly crestfallen.

'It's moved,' explained the holder of the rod, in answer to my mute inquiry.

'What—the money ?' I asked in wonder. 'Do you suppose it has ?'

'Yes—it's moved. We'll get the attraction again after a little.'

And we did. Within half an hour the mineral rod picked up its ears, so to speak, and became violent again. But this time it

located the treasure some half-dozen yards away from the spot where we had been digging. My companions had evidently witnessed just such a phenomenon before, as they exhibited no surprise whatever.

'We've got it again,' quoth one of them, and brought the pick down from his shoulder with a thud. Unfortunately, as it proved, he brought the implement down point first, and it penetrated the surface of the ground.

'There!' almost yelled the magician. 'What made you do that? You've done it again!'

Surely enough, he had done it again. By breaking ground before the magic circle was drawn with the sword, and other preliminaries attended to in due and ancient form, he had once more put the treasure to flight. For it is an established principle in the unwritten law of money-digging that no treasure worthy the name will for a moment tolerate bungling on the part of those who seek its hiding-place. The mineral rod, therefore, pointed skyward again, while the jaws of the party obviously drooped.

But the treasure was not implacable. On the contrary, it even appeared to manifest a degree of anxiety to stand revealed, if only the process of revelation were in due form; for ere long it put forth once more its subtle attraction, and roused the mineral rod to a sense of its presence. It had moved but a few yards farther away. There was no carelessness this time. The circle was drawn, silence fell upon the party, and work began. Everything went smoothly, the attraction grew steadily stronger, and hope revived. Alas! that it should have been my misfortune to be the cause of another collapse. In trying to remove an obstinate and troublesome root, I seized it with both hands, gave a mighty jerk—and went over backwards. The broken root flew from my hand, passed far beyond the magic circle, and for a third time the mischief was done. The treasure, to use a common phrase, took to its heels once more. The magician glared at me, as if meditating the propriety of running me through on the spot, but presently lowered his point and raised the mineral rod. The rod stood motionless.

This sort of thing was growing tiresome. It was evident that, unless a change occurred soon, we would be found there at daylight, and might possibly be called on to offer explanations to the owner of the buckwheat field.

'We'll find out where it went,' suggested one, 'and then go home for to-night.'

The suggestion found favour, for we were a little tired, and our ardour had perceptibly diminished. We waited perhaps half an hour. When the mineral rod once more located the treasure, our decision to go was not shaken; for this time the provoking and elusive thing had taken up a position almost directly under the huge tree. To get at it would require a tunnel.

There we left it. And there, for aught I have learned since, it may be still. I am informed that efforts have been made at different times to bring it forth; but inquiry has failed to show that there has been any sudden and inexplicable acquisition of wealth by any person or persons in that region. The old pine

still stands, and if it has a secret, appears to guard it well.

But before taking leave of the subject, there are some facts in connection with the use of the mineral rod that are worthy of attention. In the first place, this rod would work in the hands of only one member of our party. It remained absolutely passive in the hands of any other. Another singular fact was that beyond the range of the mysterious influence centred at the pine-tree, the rod in his hands was attracted by a silver watch or a silver coin, and would respond when either was placed reasonably close to it; but, under the tree, the silver might be thrust within half an inch of the rod and there was not a tremor.

I know these things, having witnessed them. Add also the fact that the attraction at the tree grew manifestly stronger as we dug, and ceased altogether when any rule of the party was violated. Whether the explanation of them all be physical or psychological, or both, must be left for others to decide. But they are facts. The magician of our party was a country blacksmith, and his companions were young farmers of his district. If it be alleged that the man was a humbug, the obvious reply is that humbugs do not drive many miles over rough country roads on gloomy nights to visit lonely graves in secret, or stalk about on bleak autumn hill-sides at midnight cleaving the air with naked swords.

WILT THOU BE LONG?

WILT thou be long? The workful day is o'er;
The wind croons softly to the sleeping sea;
At the old spot, upon the lonely shore,

I wait for thee.
Home to his nest the swift gray gull is winging;
Through the still dusk I hear the sailors' song:
Night to the weary rest from toil is bringing—
Wilt thou be long?

Wilt thou be long? The darkness gathers fast;
The daisies fold their fringes on the lea;
Time is so fleeting, and youth will not last—

Oh, come to me!
In the clear west a silver star is burning,
But sad misgivings all my bosom throng;
With anxious heart I watch for thy returning—

Wilt thou be long?

E. MATHESON.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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